

Summer 8-9-1972

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# The Maine Campus

Summer Edition

Serving the University Community

Vol. 75, No. 39

Orono, Maine

Wednesday, August 9, 1972

## Maine Appalachian Trail: 'footbath' through the woods'

by Don Perry

Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas said there is nothing like spending some time in the great outdoors to clear the mind and set one straight on any problem that might be bothering him.

I recently had an opportunity to put this theory to the test, by hiking the entire length of the Appalachian Trail in Maine, over 300 miles from my start at Mt. Katahdin (the northern terminus of the trail) to my stopping point in Gorham, New Hampshire. I hereby report that Douglas is absolutely correct.

If you are willing to undergo the physical anguish of the first week out, when excess fat and other impurities are being burned from your over-civilized body, you will be surprised how easy it is to adapt to a simple, no-nonsense way of life and the common-sense philosophy inherent in it.

Despite the mind-clearing capabilities of the great outdoors, the natural realities of daily life on the trail keep the mind in working order.

The Appalachian Trail is being used by more and more people every year. Traffic lights may have to be installed along some portions of the trail.

The low-lying sections of the A.T. in Maine run through swamps, bogs and beaver-flows so that your boots are constantly being sucked down, dragging your pace, and making them feel as though they weighed two more pounds apiece.

You curse the mud and recount the mileage to the next lean-to. Limping, if you have blisters, you're pained to curse effectively. By the end of the day, your face, especially the cheeks and mouth, stretch gaunt from the struggle,



Perry and a fellow backpacker cross a bridge in western Maine.

and the most you can manage is an "Oh, God," every now and then, or a "This is awful!" "I can't wait to get to the mountains," you say. "There won't be so much mud there." — Wrong!

The A.T. is, as described in most books on the subject, at best, a "footbath" through the woods. Add a dose of hurricane Agnes and a week of steady rain and the trail becomes a virtual river. Your boots stay wet for weeks at a time, fostering crippling listers on water-wrinkled feet. Clothes stay wet and add considerably to the weight of your pack. To say nothing of having to put them on cold and wet after rising in the early morn.

The mountains of Maine are the most popular sections of the trail and therefore

have become the most accessible. The mountain trails suffer both from the heavy traffic of the weekend wanderer and the natural havoc caused by the heavy rains. The A.T. is so worn and damaged in some sections that passage is extremely difficult and slow. You have to sort of walk around the trail instead of walking on it.

The unpredictable nature of the Appalachian Trail calls for the long distance A.T. hiker to carefully plan his trek. Necessary equipment must be carefully assessed and reassessed until you can be sure can survive reasonably comfortably on the trail. But let it suffice to say that no amount of reading books on the subject or studying backpacking catalogs can prepare the long hiker for the special problems he alone encounters in the woods.

I was less fortunate than my hiking companion (I met Greg Heppie three days out on the trail near Jo-Mary Lake, 50 miles south of Katahdin. Greg, 25, is married and lives in Plymouth, Mich.).

Greg planned his trip over a two year period. I planned mine in two weeks. Greg had all the outfitters' catalogs and had studied and compared items carefully. I, on the other hand, had a catalog from L.L. Bean and a lot of questionable advice from Bradford Angier's book "Skills for Taming the Wilds."

I had tried to be as knowledgeable and intrepid as possible upon visiting Hanson's Sports Shop in Brewer to buy some boots. I simply demanded, "Give me the most rugged hiking boot you've got!" and the sold me a pair of Vasque boots at \$40 a whack!

*continued on p. 2*

## McGovern scrubs Maine visit

Senator George S. McGovern will not be visiting Maine during his New England campaign swing as was announced earlier this week but may stop over in the state before November.

Although McGovern's Washington office denied that the decision to drop Maine from the tour had anything to do with Sen. Edmund Muskie's rejection of the Democratic ticket's number two spot, an official of the Maine State Democratic Committee in Augusta said Monday that McGovern had made the plans to visit during the period while Muskie was being considered.

The McGovern office issued a two-day New England schedule which includes stops in Manchester, N.H., Hartford and Providence.

A McGovern aide said the announcement that the presidential candidate would travel to Maine was made prematurely before McGovern's scheduling office had worked out details of the New England trip.

The state Democratic office in Maine said the mix up was caused by "several irresponsible and overzealous McGovern people in the state."



McGovern will begin his tour in Manchester where he will hold a press conference at 10:15 a.m. Thursday. He will then fly to Hartford and on to Providence that evening, moving on to New York City Friday.

## MDI - the only truly Franco-American island

Though few of the place-names found today on Mt. Desert Island hint of a French origin, MDI has the distinction of being one of the only areas in the United States where the land titles date back to the French Crown. The other area is the mass of land acquired by the U.S. in the Louisiana Purchase.

The island was discovered by Verrazano, an Italian explorer sailing under the French flag in 1524.

Mt. Desert Island received its present name from French explorer Samuel de Champlain when he came ashore after damaging his ship on the rocks off Otter Cliffs in 1604. The island gained its name because of the desert-like appearance of its barren granite hills.

In 1658, Sieur Antoine Cadillac and his young bride were the first couple to honeymoon on Mt. Desert. Thirty years later, King Louis XIV gave Cadillac MDI in its entirety — just in time for his second honeymoon.

The French utilized Mt. Desert as a strategic rendezvous during the late 17th century in their attacks against the New England colonies.

Nevertheless, if you happen to be French, or on your honeymoon or just visiting Mt. Desert Island for a special rendezvous, you can't leave MDI without stopping at the world-famous Mary Jane Restaurant in Bar Harbor.

Your host, chef Jim Vardamis has a world of taste-tempting delicacies to offer you. Stop at Jim's restaurant on Main Street—Cadillac will be glad you did.



### Mayhew is foreign student advisor

Carl M. Mayhew, 28, a financial aid office staff member since 1970, has been appointed foreign student advisor at the University of Maine at Orono.

In addition to Mayhew's other duties as assistant director of student financial aid at UMO, Mayhew will work closely with the admissions office, complete necessary documents to permit entry of students into the United States, coordinate activities with the Federal Immigration and Naturalization Service, provide general counseling and act as a liaison between the student and the faculty.

The foreign student population at UMO has increased in recent years with approximately 120 expected to enroll at the Orono campus this fall. They will represent about 30 different countries.

The 1972 Summer Session at UMO has attracted more than 100 foreign students with the greatest portion of them being from Canada, Mayhew said.

The appointment follows a move within the Student Aid and Admissions offices to merge under the coordination of John Madigan, Student Aid Director.

Madigan, who formerly held the position of foreign student advisor, said that his added responsibilities as coordinator of both offices would require spreading the decision-making more evenly among his staff.

Mayhew is a native of Machias and a graduate of the University of Maine at Orono in 1965.

## Rain, traffic and bugs make mess of trail

continued from p. 1

If I'd only known about the custom-made Limmer boot then. The Vasques are a good boot but far too heavy for the A.T. in Maine. There isn't enough hard rock climbing in Maine to justify the thick leather of the Vasque and a heavy boot is an unwelcome burden on the water-logged trails of Maine. Once these boots got soaked, they would take an entire day to dry.

Drying out was a problem that plagued me during my entire journey. I hadn't thought to bring a portable stove with me, and therefore had to rely on the open wood fire for cooking and warmth.

However, the summer of '72 has been the third wettest summer in the history of the state of Maine. There were so very few times when I saw the ground completely dry. Firewood was a serious problem, especially in the first week of June when it rained for five days straight.

Stoves are a heavy addition to your pack no matter which brand you choose (most hikers I ran into has Sveas), but stoves are a veritable necessity on the trail.

I am a fan of stoves regardless of the weather conditions. About the only sure-fire, quick way to obtain firewood is by chopping it, and an axe is too heavy a luxury to carry.

You arrive in camp after a long days walk, tired and sore, and the last thing you want to do is to fiddle around making

fuzz sticks or stripping birch bark to start a small cooking fire.

The absence of dry wood left behind at each shelter by other hikers indicates that we have now reached the age of the stove in hiking, be it long hiking or otherwise. But I didn't know that.

All the books I had read on the subject, some of them fairly new, were still all of the old school of thinking — "stoves! God forbid!"

Bradford Angier, the great champion of the joys of nature, should spend a little more time discussing the techniques he boasts being capable of ("There is no reason why a fire cannot be built under any condition anywhere in the woods," he says.) instead of babbling and carrying on about how great it is to lie beside a fire late at night listening to owls hoot.

The dampness of the trail, however, bred more than just an abundance of wet firewood. It also managed to unleash a veritable invasion of Maine-sized mosquitos.

"Mosquitos contain a lot of protein," was the half-joking, half-serious comment I heard often made about the incredible numbers of the obnoxious buzzing creatures flourishing during the summer of '72.

The mosquitos followed you in clouds, zeroing on exposed areas when you stopped, flying up your nose and in your eyes

and mouth. The rain washed off the repellent as soon as you put it on. It was virtually impossible

to stop for a breather for long without getting miserably bitten.

The constant humming, whining drone around your face and ears remained long after you went to bed, whether or not there were actual mosquitos making the noise.

Many hikers resort to the head net worn while walking, but I find them more of a nuisance than an aid. They cling to your face and impair your

vision making the white trail blazes hard to spot.

The mosquitos still follow you anyway, sniffing hungrily at your blood — waiting — lighting on the net, seeking out small areas of access to the inside.

But, I suppose there is one thing to be said of bugs though, they keep you moving. I averaged some of my best mileage per day when the bugs were at their worst.

### Cohen will trek thru Orono Thursday

Bill Cohen, candidate for Maine's 2nd district congressional seat, will walk into Orono on Thursday as part of his 400 mile "meet the people" walk through the state.

Cohen, the mayor of Bangor, began his walk at the New Hampshire border west of Bethel, and plans on hiking all the way to Houlton in Aroostook County. He has already walked through Rumford, South Paris, Norway, Lewiston, Auburn, Skowhegan, Farmington, Newport and Bangor.

Cohen, explaining his reasons for undertaking the walk, said, "Too many politicians talk and never listen. The people can get a better representation by letting their elected officials know how they, the citizens, would like to be governed. This walk provides the opportunity for such an exchange."

Cohen spends the nights at the homes of local residents throughout the state, and on Thursday he will be spending the evening in Old Town.

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## EDITORIALS

### Men of principle die young

*Under the spreading chestnut tree  
 I sold you and you sold me*

Senator George McGovern's idealism — so sterling in '68 — now seems only silver-plated in his race for the White House. The liberal campaigner from South Dakota has disillusioned many who seek a "new politics" by compromising and bowing to the "old." Once again, that bittersweet malediction of a downeast sage

"I already know who's going to win the election," he was heard to say, "another damned politician."

McGovern, who sought to be a healer, is but another victim of party politics. Once immovable, uncorruptible in his shiny liberal armor, he now has begun to hedge.

First, while the "McGovern Rules" on Democratic convention delegate selection established a quota for women, blacks and the young, the claim that his supporters in Miami represented a cross-section of the American voting public is pure myth.

The McGovern delegates were no more a cross-section than the white, middle-aged male, middle-class delegates who will renominate Richard M. Nixon this month.

In Miami there was no quota system for ethnic minorities, for old people, or veterans or non-college graduates. McGovern's constituency were the politically activist blacks, women and young — a minority of a national minority.

Yet even amid this intense constituency, McGovern hedged — first in his statement to Vietnam POW wives, saying that he would keep a residual force following withdrawal from Indochina, then as he backed down on the abortion-women-rights plank.

There's more.

Now on the campaign trail once again, McGovern who once promised to reslice the money pie in favor of the rich paying more taxes and the poor getting a bigger slice, now reassures the wealthy that his reslicing won't be really drastic, opposing the elimination of tax-exempt bonds and special tax treatment for capital gains — the handiest and easiest ways for the rich to duck taxes.

Openhandedly, he welcomes "fat cat" fund-raising, while deploring the practice publicly.

Finally, and most tragically, Sen. McGovern has allowed the political lynching of Thomas Eagleton in pursuit of his own and the party's ambition.

We cannot blame Senator McGovern for his decisions which are only in keeping with presidential campaign history, but we can weep for the demise, or unmasking at least, of yet another "man of principle."

"Clean Gene" sunk to his own kind of ignominy in '68, McGovern will continue to plow his own widening credibility-gap up until November — and yes, Diogenes must continue his age-old search for an honest man.

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## CAMPAIGN COUNTDOWN

### Slumming, George?

Lyndon Johnson set up his "President's Club" in 1964. Richard Nixon called his group "RN Associates" in 1968. Now George S. McGovern has his "Woonsocket Club."

According to the Washington Evening Star, all three were established for the same purpose: To provide an exclusive organization for donors of very substantial amounts of money to the candidates' presidential campaigns and to provide a means of giving special recognition to those contributors.

The Johnson and Nixon clubs for "fat cats" have been publicized before, but prior to the California primary, not even the existence of McGovern's "Woonsocket Club" was known to the public.

On the morning of the California presidential primary, McGovern attended a private party for members of the club. His presence at the dinner and cocktail party was notable in itself because of McGovern's standing rule during his campaign that he would not attend fund-raising parties.

But McGovern made the exception because Woonsocket Club members are hardly typical campaign contributors —

to gain entry a donor must give at least \$25,000.

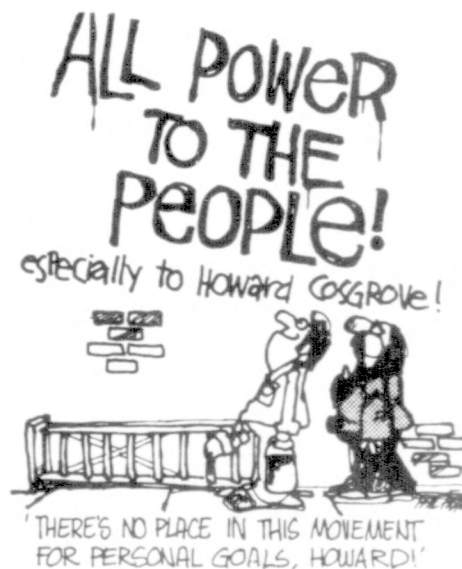
In return, the contributor receives a gold lapel pin signifying membership, considerable gratitude from McGovern's fund-raisers and various VIP privileges within the campaign, including opportunities to attend small parties with the senator such as the first one held during June's primary week.

The club was organized by Henry Kimelman, a Washington businessman who is chairman of McGovern's national finance committee.

Kimelman also qualifies as a club member because he has personally contributed well over \$25,000 to the McGovern campaign.

The club derives its obscure name from Woonsocket, S.D., the home of Eleanor McGovern, the Senator's wife. It was there that the McGovern met as opponents in a high school debating contest. (She won.)

At the club's first party in Los Angeles, McGovern told the club's charter members, "If you could see Woonsocket, S.D., you would realize that you've just tripled their gross national product."



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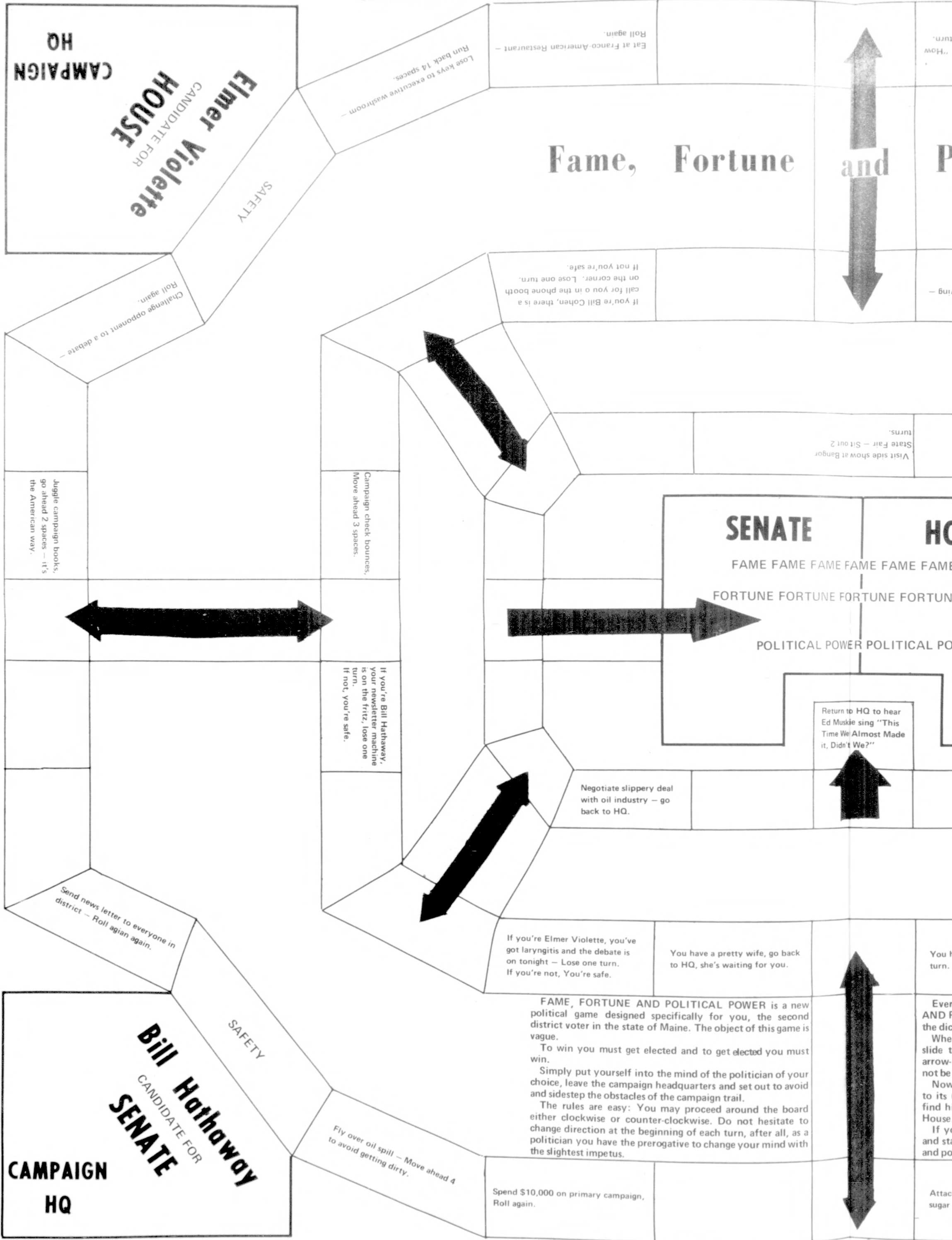
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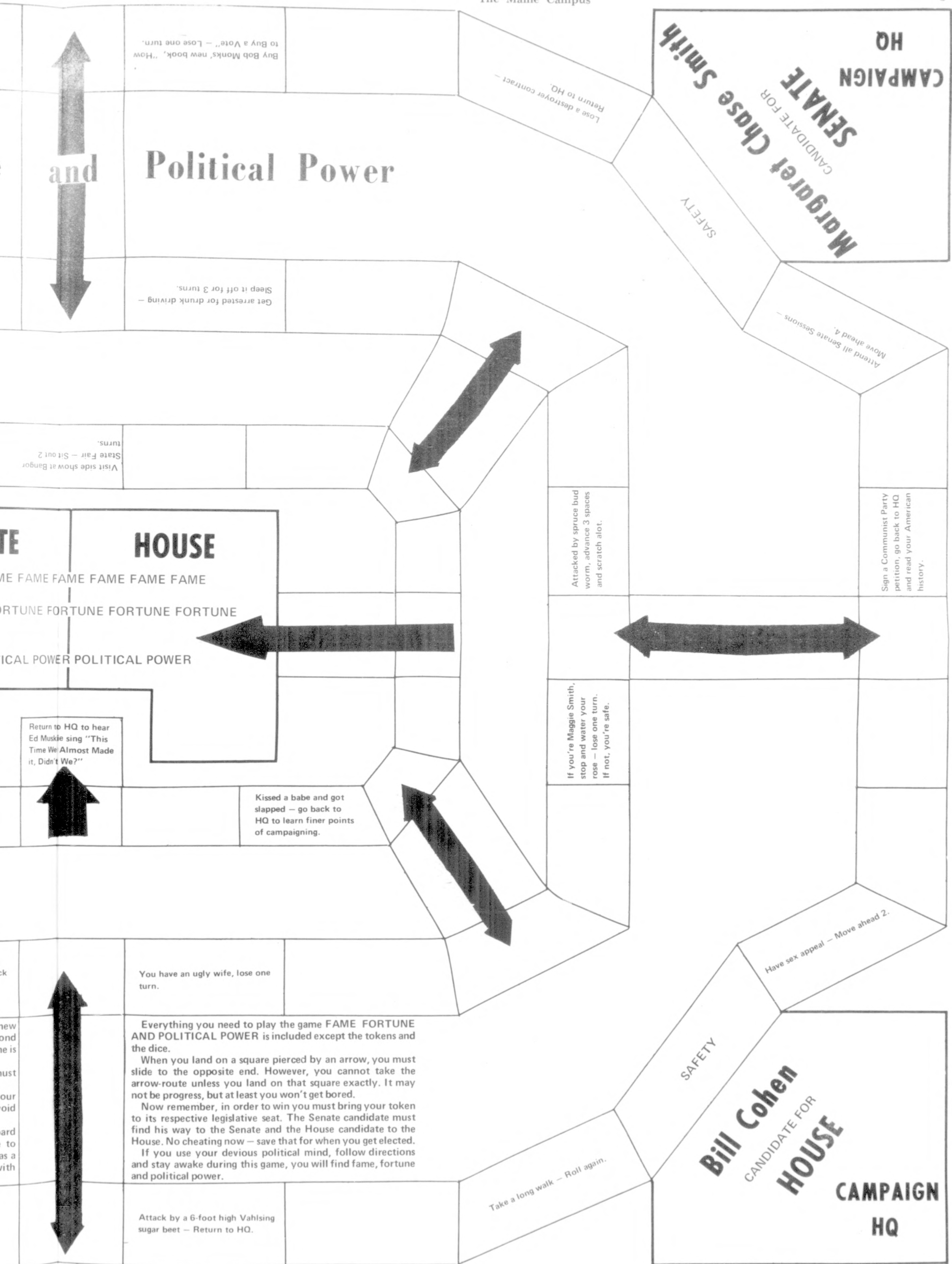
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# RECORDS

## Shawn Philips: one-man magical, mystery tour

by Dave Sylvain

That funny guy with the long, scraggly hair has a voice like that?

Wow! Shawn Philips is amazing.

His A & M album "Collaboration" has no particular beginning and no particular end. But it goes ever on!

"Armed with the thought of being God/I respectfully decline/There wasn't really very much money/and the work was awful hard/ But we'll get by/By the skin of our teeth/If we look at my denial/Well, now here we go/We're still on bloody trail."

Philips expresses his thought and emotion in a quick but inclusive way.

"Ah, what ya gonna do/Where the sun goes down/And there ain't no one else there in town/And you have to go walking around/All by yourself/In misery/ But don't you see the green/On the mountainside/or don't you feel the love/ that you fight inside?"

Philips' music is a one-man magical mystery tour — starting with his acoustic guitar and adding his cathedral voice, he builds on his musical creation through collaboration — i.e. rock and orchestral arrangements.

One reviewer charged that Philip's "Collaboration" was overly done, childishly experimental and should be given the Sunset Strip Grandiose Production Award of the Year.

I might agree with this criticism to some degree, but there are too many exceptions in the album to bear it out. The song "For Her" is a (too) short, starkly beautiful love song.

The Knock-out Award for a song goes to "Armed" — the last one on side one. Starting with the acoustic guitar and using his voice as a beautiful bass instrument, Phillips proceeds to build a cathedral. He builds up a classicism with an epic orchestral finis (timpani drums and all) and then walks out of the cathedral he has built — onto the streets of the city by breaking into a solo guitar jazz progression.

If Phillips gets down a little closer to grassroots and throws around some undiluted rock, he is a sure shot. Watch for some other top-notch musicians to be using some of Phillips' material.

Coming next week: Some fantastic new albums out — including McKendree Spring 3 and Ramatam.

Coming soon: The Doors "Full Circle" (new impetus or revolving door?) and the group known as Lunch.



# BOOKS

## Plants are like people

If you've ever whispered sweet nothings to your philodendrons, you'll probably enjoy master-gardener Jerry Baker's new book, *Plants Are Like People*.

Ever since he was twelve years old and began working in a greenhouse, Baker has been accumulating a wealth of gardening information which he has shared with fellow green-thumbers as a semi-regular on "The Dinah Shore Show" and as host of his own program beamed from St. Louis, "Plants Are Like People."

According to Baker, plants have different personalities and respond favorably to individual consideration. The book contains fifteen chapters, each with a question-and-answer section, covering everything from lawns to evergreens to houseplants to kitchen herb gardens.

As with human folk, so says Baker, plants have certain basic requirements. Here is a sampling on plant upbringing:

The priming of seeds (before planting new bulbs, drop them in a mild soap-and-water solution and then proceed)

First introductions to a new plant and the period of adjustment after the plant is in its new home (brand new plants are often worn out by the move and won't want to eat for the first few days).

Proper feeding and bathing (lawns and houseplants enjoy a good soap-and-water bath at least once a month, and the author has devised his own showering system for household varieties).

Transplanting and haircuts (the best time to mow a lawn is in the early evening so that the grass has a chance to adjust to the new haircut before the next day's noontime sun).

Sick calls and mending (for shade trees, the safest time for minor surgery, if you can hold off, is fall).

Preference in company (in a vegetable garden, green beans are partial to potatoes, and radishes to sweet peas).

*Plants Are Like People* is Baker's first book. His inimitable, humorous style makes this book a "must" for everyone who has, or would like to have, a green thumb. In his own words, "May you enjoy the best Mother Nature can provide, with your own helping hand."



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# FILMS

## 'Prime Cut'—there's trouble in Kansas

by Ralph Gavett

There's trouble in Kansas City. Two "troubleshooters" were sent down from Chicago and turned up dead, a third was grotesquely packaged into hot dogs and returned. The trouble is caused by Mary Ann—that's a man (Gene Hackman) who owns a large meat company along with many other things, mostly people.

The people who want to stop the trouble go to Nick Devlin (Lee Marvin) who looks like the "Man from Glad" and acts like James Bond. Nevertheless, he is the man for the job and heads for Kansas with his own gang of thugs.

Director Michael Ritchie takes us through a series of dramatic scenes where bad-guy musclemen try to wipe out good-guy musclemen.

On the way we meet Poppy (Sissy Spacek), an orphan and one of Mary Ann's possessions, who is rescued by Nick Devlin and immediately becomes his girl. Those of you who are familiar with Dudley Do-right and Nell and Snidely Whiplash know all about this sort of thing.

We also meet Clarabelle (Angel Thompson), Mary Ann's wife and Devlin's former girl friend. She looks like something out of a Macy's store window and has the same acting ability as well, I might add.

Apparently Devlin agrees as he pushes her and her houseboat down the Mississippi after turning down a lustful invitation.

The biggest scene of the movie is a mildly exciting chase through a county fair which ends up in the middle of a wheat field. Devlin rushes through with Poppy in tow and finally evades his pursuers by ducking

in the grasses—at least it seems that way until a big hay baler looms up from the background and almost gets them.

Devlin's henchmen come to the rescue by driving the company limosine straight into the machine's jaws, jumping out just in time. The camera greatly absorbs the scene as machine devours machine.

It's all right out of "Diamonds Are Forever" or "Thunderball"

Devlin wins in the end, of course, by hijacking a trailer truck and literally tearing through Mary Ann's fortress which includes a mammoth greenhouse which shatters most nicely on camera.

A wounded Mary Ann begs Devlin to kill him: "You'd kill a beast like this, wouldn't you?" But Devlin Do-right reminds him that he's a man and shortly the movie drifts off into the fields of Kansas.

"Prime Cut"—probably named for the investigator turned sausage—is a prime example of a movie that survives because of its director. The story is almost as weak as "McCabe and Mrs. Miller" and certainly the acting is nothing to rave about.

Lee Marvin gives a solid performance, but Hackman is down a notch from "French Connection." Sissy Spacek starts off strong but then dissipates into a watered-down version of Ali McGraw.

No, the major factor here is Michael Ritchie who pulls together a lot of mediocre ingredients and comes out with an all right piece of work. I think this one will look good on the CBS late movie in a year or two.



### Merrill is new hoop, grid coach

A former UMO star football and baseball player will return to the University Sept. 1 as an assistant football coach, freshman basketball coach and a lecturer in physical education.

Merrill, who recently resigned a football coaching position at Gardiner High School, played five years of professional baseball in the Philadelphia Phillies following his graduation from UMO in 1966. While at Maine he was a quarterback and defensive back on the Black Bears football team for three years and an All-Yankee Conference and All-Maine catcher on the baseball team.

He was also a member of the 1964 baseball team that placed third in the College World Series at Omaha, Nebraska.

Since 1966 Merrill has been a member of the International Association of Approved Basketball Officials and since 1969 a member of the College Board Officials Association.

He has been a basketball scout at Bowdoin and as an official has worked the Western Maine Class A tournaments and the finals.

UMO Athletic Director Harold Westerman noted that Merrill was chosen from an impressive list of candidates. "We feel we are fortunate to get such an enthusiastic and knowledgeable student of the games of football and basketball as Carl Merrill," Westerman said.

### UMO grid schedule

The UMO Black Bears will tackle one of its most exciting football campaigns in history this season as 70 hopefuls arrive on the Orono campus for pre-season practice sessions August 26.

The opening game will be on a Friday night, September 15, against the Terriers at Boston University. The Bears will also get a crack at Delaware, the College Division National Champions, Bucknell, Lafayette, and Massachusetts.

The Bear's nine-game slate includes:

Sept. 15 ---at Boston University  
23 ---at Massachusetts  
30 ---Bucknell

Oct. 7 ---Rhode Island  
14---at New Hampshire  
21---at Connecticut  
28---Lafayette

Nov. 4 ---Vermont  
11---at Delaware

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## The Galloping Gluttons

*Helen's — rated G for 'great'*



This week, the Galloping Gluttons, hearing of a gastronomic oasis in Machias, drove over a hundred miles to visit Helen's Restaurant.

Following a two-hour scenic drive through some very pretty countryside, we discovered Helen's on Machias' not-so-busy Main Street, wedged between an antique shop and a drug store.

Getting into the restaurant proved hazardous for the Gluttons since the door was only about three feet wide and six feet high while the Gluttons measure 5'1"x3 and 6'8"x2 1/4 feet, respectively.

Once in, however, we saw to our dismay that there was a waiting line for tables.

We squeezed out the door and decided to return after the rush hour.

By two o'clock, we had returned and seated ourselves at a table with a view of Main Street. (It was also a view-in of the restaurant and passers-by tended to read the menu over your shoulder.)

Helen's does have several booths overlooking the Machias River but all were occupied by rival gluttons.

A waitress appeared promptly with menus and pleasant placemats to entertain us, and the Gluttons went to work deciding what to order.

After brief consultation, we chose the fresh fried haddock dinner.

Helen's doesn't serve cocktails or beer, so we guess you'd labeled it a G-rated restaurant.

A large dish of coleslaw and six hot, fresh rolls preceded the meal. Fools that we were, we began munching on these immediately, regretting our hastiness when our dinner arrived.

There, lying on a large platter was the thickest, longest, widest fish filet we had ever set eyes on.

The two Gluttons eyed their platters, then each other, then the platters again.

Crazed with a carnivorous lust, we lunged at the fish only to find it flawless — boneless, ocean-fresh and cooked to perfection.

Big, husky french fries were jammed in one corner of the platter while a garnish of tomato and lemon wedges adorned the other.

The atmosphere in Helen's is simply one without a masterplan. It is colorless and kitcheny. A long counter with stools extends the length of the restaurant and behind it beats the heart of Helen's — the kitchen. Spinning around on your revolving stool-top, you can watch the chef grill your steak or cherry your sundae.

Helen's clientele ranges from the town shoe salesman to truck drivers, from tourists to traveling businessmen.

The noise of clattering cutlery and chatter is deafening, but really, how beautiful it is to eat in a restaurant unlike so many where the quiet is grating and all eyes are upon you as you mash your peas with a spoon or use your salad fork on a steak.

It was fun to watch the natives walk by the restaurant on Main Street and fun when they watched back.

While we struggled to finish our fish (Glutton No. 2's ketchup-mania had again turned his plate into the Red Sea), a waitress brushed past our table with a T-bone steak eighteen inches long and three inches thick — no lie! It covered the platter completely and the vegetables and potato that accompanied the order had to be brought in separate dishes.

Strangely enough, the check was brought with our meal, not after. This might upset many a duodenum during such a repast but, peeking at the bill, we discovered a figure considerably less than what we generally encounter at Miller's, the 95er, etc.

Floating by our tables every five minutes were the thickest fruit and whipped cream pies imaginable which the proprietor cut into six slices, no not twelve or eight, but six.

The fresh-strawberry pie looked luscious, and although our gullets were begging for mercy, we ordered two slices.

The pie was about three inches deep with strawberries with an additional inch of whipped cream. The berries were fresh and tart, the cream homemade and rich, the crust light and flaky. Total cost: 40 cents.

Satiated for the next two days, the Gluttons reluctantly left Helen's. The tab had come

to less than \$6.00 for two and was worth at least twice that in service and food quality-quantity.

Next time, you're hauling potatoes through Machias in your Mac ten-wheeler, or emigrating to Canada or whatever, stop in. The Gluttons give Helen's four stars and thirteen stripes.

## Quickies

On more than one occasion, the Gluttons have found themselves with a minimum of resources and a maximum of hunger. They have consumed enough Big Macs, Clubbangers, Jumboburgers and Lumdogs to feed and underdeveloped nation.

Therefore, they have been forced to frequent several less common quickie spots and hereby recommend the following places to satisfy without vacuuming the wallet.

There's a place in Brewer called The Black Knight which serves terrific seafood and doesn't charge a whole lot for it. It's located on the "Baa Haabah" road next to the Twin City Motel and shares its building with a variety store.

The two man-sized Gluttons in our party dined sumptuously on fish & chips (good haddock), while our Gluttoness daintily attacked a fried clam basket.

Everything is excellent alone or you can sprinkle on some smashing condiments as we did. Each table is equipped with malt vinegar, wine vinegar and constituted lemon juice, with ketchup and tartar sauce for traditionalists.

The fish & chips go for \$1.09, and memory fails me on the clams, but they were reasonable. Our final

assessment? Good food, good prices, and good fun. And speaking of good fun, this Glutton stopped in at Orange Julius in the Airport Mall one day on a solo mission. It's not really a restaurant but more like the shoppers' version of a pitstop at the Indianapolis 500.

The decor is straight from the toy department at neighboring Freeses, complete with pitchfork seats, firey chandeliers and plastic devils. Certainly not chic, but eye-catching.

Not surprisingly, the specialty of the house is the Orange Julius (also comes in pineapple) which is a happy blend of fresh orange juice, flaked ice, non-carbonated syrup and a special secret powder. It sounds complicated but it tastes good (must be the special powder). I

indulged in a biggie at 40 cents, but you can conserve with a 30 cent or 20 cent model if your pocket change is not so abundant.

For an entree, I chose the Devil dog, which is a hot dog with mustard and saurkraut and puches in at 40 cents. You can work up or down from this in a selection of hot dog and hamburger combinations, all dubbed with equally stupid names.

My snack cost a meager 84 cents, and I was good for another 20 minutes or so. Not bad for a Glutton.

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